

The Corvallis Times.

WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.

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CORVALLIS, OREGON, FEBRUARY 10, 1904.

R. F. IRVING
Editor and Proprietor.

Odds AND Ends FOR February.

Remnants Dress Goods
Remnants Silks
Big Bargains in
Ladies' Fine Shoes
Discount in all Corsets.

J. H. HARRIS.

WE DO NOT OFTEN CHANGE

Our ad., but our goods change hands every day. Your money exchanged for Value and Quality is the idea.

Big Line Fresh Groceries

Domestic and Imported.

Plain and Fancy Chinaware

A large and varied line.

Orders Filled Promptly and Complete. Visit our Store—we do the rest.

E. B. Horning.

New Furniture And Music Store.

SOUTH MAIN ST.
CORVALLIS, OR.

I Cordially invite you to inspect my New Stock of Goods consisting of

Various Musical Instruments,
Bed Lounges and Couches,
Bedroom Suites, Iron Bedsteads,
Maple and Ash Bedsteads, etc.
Woven Wire Springs,
Good Line of Mattresses,
Extension Tables, Center Tables,
Go Carts

Sideboards, Kitchen Safes,
Kitchen Treasures,
Dining Chairs, High Chairs,
Children's Rockers, and
Many Styles of Other Rockers.
Fine Lot Bamboo Furniture just in
Window Shades, Curtain Poles.
New Line of Wall Paper.

Also Sewing Machines, new and second-hand. Second-hand Pianos for sale and for rent. A few stoves and a few pieces of Graniteware left.

O. J. BLACKLEDGE.

E. E. WILSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office in Zierolf Building, Corvallis, Or.

B. A. CATHEY, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.

Office, Room 14, First National Bank Building, Corvallis, Or. Office Hours, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m.

WILL BE FREE IN JULY

MRS MAYBRICK IN CONVENT
UNBEKNOWN TO ITS
INMATES.

Home Where She Is Completing
Sentence Is the Resort of Ma-
ny Titled Women--Exten-
sive Fire in the City
of Baltimore.

London, Feb. 6.—Mrs. Maybrick is serving out the last few months of her life sentence for the killing of her husband, in the quiet country home of the Sisters of the Epiphany at Eruro, Cornwall, under an assumed name and with her identity completely hidden. She is guarded from communication with the outside world as jealously as if she were still in Aylesbury prison.

Though the fresh Cornwall air is bringing the color back to her cheeks the strain of her fourteen years of confinement, commencing with the imposition of the death sentence, passed under the severe discipline of various prisons, is the only outward sign she shows of her ordeal. Even the Sisters with whom she associates and the servants have no idea that she really is Mrs. Maybrick. She wears an ordinary black dress, with a white frill at her throat. She occupies a pleasant, simply furnished room in the home and rises at 6 o'clock each morning.

Though a free agent in many ways, she is obliged to conform to the strict discipline of the convent. She takes her meals in silence and is not allowed to converse except on religious subjects during the day. At that time, when for an interval the Sisters are permitted to talk of mundane things, Mrs. Maybrick retires to her own room. She must be in bed by 9 o'clock. No newspapers are allowed her, and only such books as are given her by the Sisters. At first newspapers were surreptitiously supplied her, but it was discovered and a severe reprimand followed.

During part of the day Mrs. Maybrick works in silence in the sewing room with the Sisters, who make all their own clothing. Last Sunday she attended services in the Truro cathedral, and she has been allowed to walk about the town accompanied by one of the Sisters. Mrs. Maybrick is supposed to be recovering from an attack of influenza and passes merely as one of the many visitors to the Sisterhood, who pay for their accommodation. She will remain in charge of the Sisters until she is released next July, though before that time, when the weather improves, she will be removed probably to the convalescent home, under the same management, which is located in one of the wildest spots on the Cornish coast.

In her present sanctuary Mrs. Maybrick appears to be happy by comparison. The prison fare and discipline is almost as complete as the perfect freedom of the large, beautifully kept grounds surrounding the Sisterhood building, which overlooks the sleepy-like cathedral town of Truro, where the breezes sweep from the Cornish moors and coast.

Many members of the English aristocracy are inmates of the home. The Mother Superior of the Sisterhood is Hon. Miss Dalrymple, while several other Sisters, under only their Christian names, conceal well-known patronymics.

The Sisterhood of the Epiphany constantly receives within its walls titled women who wish to find temporary rest from the world in a religious retreat, and hence Mrs. Maybrick's arrival caused no comment. She was driven from the Truro railway station to the home in Miss Dalrymple's private carriage and remained in strict incognito for nearly a fortnight. The Acting Mother Superior is one of the few who know of the identity of the visitor, and she guards her from all interviews and a vigilance worthy an old time abbess. This Sister absolutely refused to convey a letter or a message to Mrs. Maybrick from a representative of the Associated Press.

A rescue home for fallen girls and a laundry for their employment is carried on in connection with the Epiphany convent. Until now the Sisters who know Mrs. Maybrick's identity have evaded in-

quiries regarding her by stating she was not in the rescue home which is quite correct, as Mrs. Maybrick had nothing to do with this department of the convent.

Mrs. Maybrick's somewhat anomalous status was explained as follows to the Associated Press representative by one of the chief officials of the Epiphany Order:

"Mrs. Maybrick is still a prisoner and has not even been released on ticket of leave. Those in charge of her are practically her jailers, and all communication with her is forbidden, except through the home secretary."

These appear to be textually the official instructions which accompanied Mrs. Maybrick on her departure from Aylesbury prison. No prison warden is with Mrs. Maybrick, the Sisters being implicitly trusted with her safekeeping, which fact is generally regarded as constituting an unprecedented indulgence to a prisoner.

The Baroness de Roques will, it is said, come to Truro later in order that she may be near her daughter.

Ithaca, Feb. 3.—Ill from typhoid fever a year and finally succumbing to the disease on the anniversary of her taking ill was the fate of Miss Leona Ireland, who died today at the city hospital.

Miss Ireland's case was the most notable of the many growing out of the typhoid epidemic of a year ago that have puzzled local physicians and the medical faculty of Cornell University. During her year's illness Miss Ireland suffered every complication of typhoid fever known to medical science. She died from hemorrhage of the stomach. Her body was wasted to less than fifty pounds.

The Dalles, Or., Feb. 5.—News reached this city tonight of a shocking hunting accident which occurred near Tygh Valley a few days ago in consequence of which Clark Doughton, of that neighborhood, has lost his life.

A party of hunters, including Doughton, and George Moody, also of that place, started early in the week for a few days' trip in the timber. The second morning out, while hunting in thick brush, Moody saw an animal resembling a cougar moving in the undergrowth some distance ahead of him and fired at it. The shot apparently taking no effect, on firing a second time Moody was horrified to find that he had shot his friend Doughton. The animal proving to be Doughton's dog.

The wounded man was carried immediately to Tygh, where he died today. He left a wife and three children. Moody, who is one of the most prominent and best respected citizens of that community, is said to be distracted over his terrible mistake.

SOLD A FARM.

Buying Cattle—Loss of Stock Feared—King's Valley News.

Farmers here have been plowing and some seeding has been done.

Joe Brown was in the valley last week buying mutton sheep. He paid three cents per pound.

Protracted meeting has been held at the United Evangelical church for the last two weeks. W. L. Price is converted.

Lloyd Chenoweth has sold his farm to Budd Alcorn. The price was \$2500.

Tom Alexander announces the arrival of a boy.

Mrs. Isabell visited her new grandson, Saturday.

Spaulding logging crew has been clearing the banks of the Luckiamute of saw logs with a donkey engine. They completed their work at Hoskins last week and have returned the engine to camp.

The hills are covered with snow, and snow has fallen in the valley, but melted as fast as it fell.

Should the present cold rain and snow continue very long the loss of cattle and sheep will be heavy. On some places feed has not been good, and cattle and sheep on grass are in poor condition. Uno.

London, Feb. 5.—Bennet Burleigh, the Tokio correspondent of the Daily Telegraph says this afternoon that war is now inevitable and that only hours may elapse before it is declared.

A ROBBER CABMAN.

MISS CLAYBORNE SHELDON
RELATES HER EXPERI-
ENCE IN CITY OF NEW
YORK.

New York Officer Arrests Guilty
Driver Upon Vague Descrip-
tion—A Hard Fight With
Fifteen Woolves.

New York, Feb. 5.—A cabman, known as Moffatt, has just been held for trial on a charge of robbery made by Miss Clayborne Sheldon, of Buffalo, who told the magistrate a remarkable story of her arrival here as a stranger, and her attempt to reach a reputable Broadway Hotel through the medium of a cab.

Miss Sheldon came from Buffalo January 15, she said, to seek a position, having achieved at home something of a reputation as a vocalist. She had been directed to an uptown hotel, but at the Weehawken terminal of the railroad took the ferryboat for Franklin street, instead of West Forty-second, and landed down town.

"I told the first cabman I met that I wanted to go to the hotel," said she. "He said it would cost \$5 and I got into the cab."

I do not know how many miles I was driven, but hours passed, and it seemed to me as if I had made the circuit of the city several times. Every time I spoke to the cabman he said that we were getting near the hotel.

"I could not understand what the cabman meant, and after we had passed a familiar corner, I stopped the cab, determined to get out. 'Where am I?' I said. 'You are near the hotel,' he replied."

"Well, I will walk the rest of the way," I said; then I tried to get out. The cabman seized me, and forced me into the seat.

"You will not leave this cab," said he, "until you pay me \$100."

"I asked what for, and he told me to give up the money to avoid trouble. I screamed and he seized me by the throat. He told me to keep quiet for my own good, but I kept on fighting as well as I could. Then he threw a handkerchief over my face. I think it was saturated with chloroform. It made me sick. I ceased to struggle, and do not recall anything until some time afterward I found myself lying in a gutter; I was dazed and sick. After a while I was able to walk, and found that I was at Forty-ninth and Eighth avenue, two miles from the hotel."

The woman immediately sought a policeman, to whom she told her story. She had been robbed of all her money, \$45, a ring worth \$175, her watch, and many small articles. Perhaps the most remarkable part of the affair, which had occurred in a street which is crowded night and day, then developed.

From the woman's description the policeman immediately recognized the cabman, and set out to find him. He had just arrested Moffatt in a distant part of the city and learned he had retired from the cabdriving profession January 16, the day after the holdup. The officer fully confirmed his part of the adventure, and Moffatt was identified in court by the complainant.

Baltimore, Feb. 7.—The fire which broke out at a few minutes before 11 o'clock this morning in the wholesale dry goods house of John T. Huret & Co., has raged with unrestrained fury continuously ever since and at midnight it is still unchecked, but is steadily consuming its way westward on Baltimore street, after having destroyed all the large stores and warehouses in the wholesale district around Hopkins Place, and all the buildings on both sides of Baltimore street from Howard to Holiday streets, and Charles and Baltimore to Lexington, and on Fayette street to Charles to Holiday, including a total of about 20 blocks of the most modern and substantial buildings in Baltimore, involving a loss which cannot now be estimated, but which has certainly already reached \$30,000,000 or \$40,000,000.

Ever since about 6 o'clock, when darkness came, the fire department, although aided by engines from Washington, Philadelphia, Wilmington and the surrounding suburbs, has been utterly powerless to make an effective resistance to the consuming element, though for hours as many as 400 streams of water were thrown into the flames.

At 7 o'clock the situation was so desperate that Chief Horton decided that the only thing left to do was to dynamite buildings at threatened points and thus prevent, as far as possible, a further spread of the flames.

In pursuance of this plan, a number of buildings on South Charles street between Gorman and Lombard were blown up. Subsequently the splendid structure of J. W. Putback, notion dealer, at Charles and Fayette streets, were dynamited, and then the Daily Record building, Ross' drug store and others.

However, this heroic remedy merely delayed, but did not seriously impede the onward march of the conflagration and for two hours or more the fire department was practically helpless and resourceless in the face of the roaring furnaces which sent their fierce tongues in the air and which filled the heavens first with a pall of black funeral smoke and then with livid sheets of sparks and lurid cinders.

The whole city was notified of the fire by a terrific explosion some minutes after 11 o'clock. A sharp splitting roar went up with reverberating thunder. This was followed by a peculiar whistling noise, like that made by the shrill wind.

The churches in the central section of the city were filled with worshippers, many of whom became frightened and, though no panic ensued, hundreds of men and women left their seats and went outside to see what had happened. In a few moments the streets all over the city were crowded with excited people.

For Exchange.

A fine residence in Los Angeles, good location, will rent for \$30 per month, value \$4000, for improved farm about same value.

J. G. Simpson,
2560 N. Sichel st.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Are You Restless at Night?

And harassed by a bad cough? Use Ballard's Horehound Syrup, it will secure you sound sleep and effect a prompt and radical cure. 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by Graham & Wortham.

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